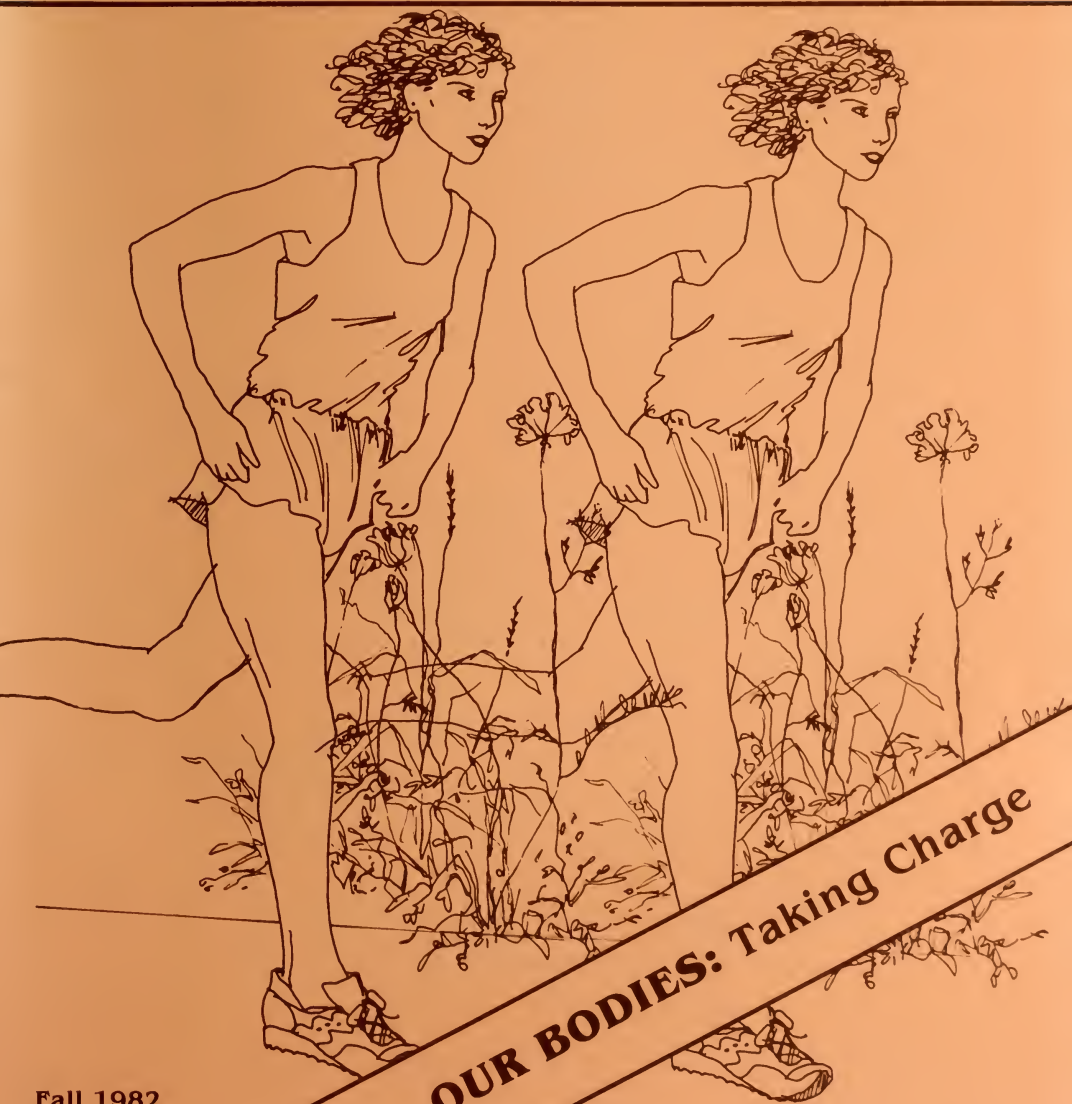




The Creative Woman

Quarterly



OUR BODIES: Taking Charge

Fall 1982



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The Creative Woman is a quarterly published by Governors State University. We focus on a special topic in each issue, presented from a feminist perspective. We celebrate the creative achievements of women in many fields and appeal to inquiring minds. We publish fiction, poetry, book reviews, articles, photography and original graphics.

INTRODUCTION

In this issue we note and celebrate the many ways in which contemporary women are taking charge of their own bodies and, thus, their own lives.

The current emphases on physical fitness, exercise, diet, and sports, the concept of health as "wellness"--a radiant sense of well-being beyond the mere absence of disease--we see these trends as related to our care for the planet and for all life as well as for our bodies.

In her review of "If I Should Die," Terri Pease Schwartz points out the devastating psychological scars that result from sexual abuse of a little girl. Her body is experienced as not her own, but the property of another. In her work as

a child psychotherapist, Dr. Schwartz helps young sexually abused children to reclaim their bodies as they reclaim their sense of self, wholeness and autonomy.

Our lead article reports an exciting project by Annie Cheatham and Mary Clare Powell who are traveling around the country this year, asking "Where is the feminine emerging in the culture now?" They are searching out the future structures that will bring the new into being. They argue that women are moving "to hold back destruction and to literally transform the planet, beginning with ourselves."

It's all connected.

HEH



Will Barnet

PART 1: Feminist Perspectives

THE FUTURE IS FEMALE PROJECT

Report #1

by Mary Clare Powell



The Future is Female is an independent project created by Annie Cheatham and Mary Clare Powell. We are traveling around the United States and Canada for a year talking with feminist artists and other people who are conceiving or living out new structures in this culture: structures that come out of a feminine consciousness; structures that are non-discriminatory, nonhierarchical, cooperative, life-giving, healthy for the planet; structures for families, health care, law, business, the arts, education, agriculture, etc. Where are the seeds of the future? Where are the places of light and life in the midst of death dealing? Where are the structures of hope? Where is the feminine emerging in the culture now, and what structures are women creating that are holistic and life-giving? And we are also asking how women are envisioning the future, for it is out of our imagining that it comes.

We are learners and we are seeking meeting with a diversity of people--all ages, races, classes, sexual orientations, ways of living, city and rural, of various political stances. We are seeing that by our travel and our presence we form connections, not just for ourselves, but for all those we contact.

We have interviewed women in New England and some of New York state. Then we headed west via the northern route, meeting people in Pennsylvania, Canada, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, as well as some in Nebraska and Montana. Next--Seattle, and then we'll take a side trip to Alaska. Then we'll go down the west coast, across the southwest and south, and back to some of the cities of the east coast. We have decided to try and send out a newsletter every two to three months, so that we can let women all over the country know who we are meeting in various places.

We will also write articles for women's newspapers and other publications. And we're making a series of taped interviews, slides, and keeping a left-handed journal which contains more right-brained stories about the trip.

The Art Exhibit

As part of the project, we are carrying a portable exhibit of women's art, from about 30 women in the Washington, DC area. We are interested in alternatives in all areas of the culture, and specifically in the arts in how women artists are taking responsibility for how their work is seen and shown, in settings other than conventional galleries and self-publishing. We are collecting prints and slides from women as we go, since we don't have room to collect original pieces. Women are also giving us books and brochures that we pass along to others as we go.

Who We Are

Mary Clare is a visual artist who uses black and white photographs juxtaposed with words, sometimes in sequences, sometimes as slides and tapes, sometimes in books. She self-published a book, The Widow, based on interviews and photographs of her mother, and concerned with an aging woman who is alone for the first time in her life. She is interested in doing a series of books, telling the stories of "ordinary" women with their words and her images. She is very interested in alternatives to conventional gallery and publishing routes.

Annie Cheatham is a country girl from North Carolina. "Things flow through me," she says. She conceived and built the Congressional Clearinghouse on the Future, a caucus group to help members of Congress think about the future in some new ways. Annie is interested in staying with certain women whose lives she can share for several days.

From the Journal of Mary Clare

"You know, I'm not an art historian

or reviewer or critic. I am only an artist and Annie is sort of a futurist. Annie is a spiritual person, Annie is full of spirit. We cannot make any dignified or scholarly account of this project, because we are just people, and one of us is an artist and you know how they mess around, and one of us is full of spirits, and you never know what they're going to do next. So we have to keep it personal. We must tell truth and not pose as anything we are not. And we want to let our inner process and our relationship become a natural part of the project, and we want to tell about the inner part at the same time as we tell about who we are meeting. And we must rest when we are tired, we must separate when we are sick of each other, we must allow ourselves to each be where we are every day. We must tell the truth. We must not hide behind words."

The project grew out of an initial idea of Annie's to edit an anthology of writing by various women about the future, to be called The Future Is Female. This project was gradually transformed into the present project as Mary Clare began to look for companions--feminist artists who asked questions about what they were doing and why, whose concern was social transformation, and who were exploring alternatives. One day we looked at each other and said, "Let's quit our jobs and save our money and rent out our house and go around the country for a year and see where the new is emerging." And so we did.

What We Need

The money for the project comes from our savings. We decided not to get any grant money because we did not want to have to produce any specific product by any specific time for anyone else. A friend, Ann Gibson, a papermaker near Northampton, Massachusetts, is our contact person, post office box recipient, bookkeeper, and caretaker of our dog. We couldn't do this without her. As we go along, we are also asking for help in various forms from the women we meet. Some of these things are: places to stay and meals, photocopying costs,

slide film, women to talk to about how to handle the enormous amount of data we have, someone to let Mary Clare bake bread and make soup in her kitchen, a chance to work on people's gardens and gather some fresh vegetables, massages, gas money, postage to mail back items we accumulate, a few long distance calls, a place to do our laundry, women who know about computers to talk to us about our data, people to buy The Widow and Annie's book, Future Shock and You. We believe that if we ask for what we need, we will receive it. So we're asking. And we're receiving. And are grateful.

Outcomes

We're not sure what the final product of this voyage will be. Undoubtedly, there will be many products. It may be a book, it may also be an art exhibit, it will probably be a directory of all we meet. We want also to play with the data of the trip, like artists play with materials, and see what comes up. So we're not solidifying what the products will be. We ultimately want to share the experience in many ways, and to create connections for all of us to empower and encourage us to bring the future we want into being.

"My sense so far is that people, women and all of us, are hunkering down, keeping the jobs we have, not making drastic moves, not generating many flashy new structures, like in the 70's. But keeping on going. And maturing in the ways we deal with each other. Learning how to deal with conflict in women's organizations and communities and relationships. This keeping on going is very powerful, but not very splashy. I've begun to know about all the energy that surrounds one person who is DOING IT. All we have to do is begin. We can do it. And are."

"I'm thinking these days about how the inner and the outer connect. All that happens to me and to Annie during this trip is part of the project. My dreams, fantasies, feelings, her drawings, her work on the newsprint, her mother sick in Florida, my 40th birthday,

all those clippings from all the newspapers. All our struggles to be together and to be apart, to bring the new between us into being. PLUS all the women we're meeting, their stories, their ideas, their creations, their relationships with each other and with children and with men. And the threat of nuclear holocaust and the rising numbers of us who shout NO! Flowing back and forth, juxtaposing the inner and the outer."

"And language--I begin not to know what any of the words mean that we women toss around so easily. What does 'feminist' mean, or 'radical feminist'? Or 'lover' or even 'lesbian'? Or 'celibacy' or 'monogamy'? The words begin to lose their meanings as I hear them used so much, in such diverse ways. I welcome this, because then new language comes."

"And I see the incredible diversity of us and what we do to preserve and encourage life. Women of all kinds. No one of us has it figured out, no one of us has just the right idea for us all. It is like a web, our logo is a good image. And we need all of us."

"And I begin to think about the power of the positive. About how in spiritual terms, and probably in other terms, the positive, which is often very simple, is very powerful. And visualization. And how we image things is how they really are for us. And if we image ourselves as strong and creative women, then we become that. And if we image a world without weapons, then it is possible to make one. And the future is female not because it belongs to women, but because I think women have the imagination and the positive life-giving energy to hold back destruction and to literally transform the planet, beginning with ourselves in this time."

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NURSING: HEALING IN A FEMININE MODE

by VeNeta Masson

(excerpt from The Journal of Nursing Administration, October 1981)

Nurses--that is, experienced, professional nurses who think seriously about what they do--seem not at all satisfied with their place under the sun. They often feel that nursing's early appeal, as a career, now eludes them. They believe that nurses and nursing are vital to the well-being of society. They believe they deserve the same respect and rewards accorded professions like medicine. But take them aside and ask them what nurses do that nobody else does and many will admit they cannot articulate it. Still, teachers purport to teach it, administrators to administer it, researchers to research it, and practitioners to practice it--whatever "it" is. All know instinctively that nursing is more than the sum of the skills they have mastered and the knowledge they possess. They are proud of what they do, but plagued by two questions, frequently voiced by family, friends, and sometimes patients: "With all those diplomas you have, and your intelligence, why don't you just become a doctor?" and "Why does it take a university degree to be a nurse anyway?" Maybe these are really two versions of the same question.

It was during this period of uncertainty that I came in contact with the work of Castillejo. What she says in her psychology of women is quite simple really and has been said by others, including Emma and C. G. Jung. Unlike modern-day feminists who claim that the differences between men and women are largely the result of their socialization and that there is little difference between the working of a man's or woman's mind, Castillejo, following Jung, says that men and women are indeed different and that these differences are meant to complement one another. The masculine is characterized by focused consciousness, that is, the power to

look at things and analyze their component parts, the ability to formulate logical relationships, and the capacity to change, invent, create, and to identify and solve problems. The feminine is characterized by a kind of diffuse awareness of the wholeness of nature, where everything is linked to everything else and each individual exists as part of the whole. The feminine is more perceptive within a wider range than the masculine, but the perceptions are less sharply focused.

These masculine and feminine elements are interwoven in people of both sexes and the associated qualities belong to both men and women in varying degrees. Of the present era, Castillejo writes: "This penetration by each sex of the other's realm has progressed so far that to speak of a man-woman relationship as though it were something definite is beyond me." [1]

Masculine and Feminine Elements within the Healing Professions

These observations rang clear and true, as I applied them not simply to relations between the sexes, but to differences between the professions of medicine and nursing as I was experiencing them. There do seem to be masculine and feminine healing modes. The masculine is epitomized by the modern physician (of either sex) and the feminine, by the nurse (female or male). Scientific medicine is problem oriented. Medical problems are identified, analyzed, and treated, often as discrete entities that might be disembodied and examined quite apart from their owner, the patient. This point of view has spawned the medical jargon according to which Mrs. Smith is "the ulcer in Room 242" and Mrs. Jones "the hernia that we did last week." Nursing, in contrast, can be conceived as healing in a feminine mode where the therapeutic media are health-producing relationships and the creation of an environment that stimulates the patient's own capacity for healing himself. Nursing is typified by a concern with any part that is diseased, but always in context of the whole.

Just as men and women have masculine and feminine elements within their psyches, so both physicians and nurses can and do function in both masculine and feminine healing modes. The masculine healing mode, characterized by problem solving, is more highly developed in the physician and the feminine mode, characterized by nurturing, is more highly developed in the nurse. Both are essential to healing; neither should be divorced from the other.

When functioning in the masculine mode, doctors act; they diagnose and treat disease. Nurses, when functioning in the feminine mode, mediate; they make healing possible by putting patients in touch with their own strengths as well as letting them draw temporarily on the strengths of the nurse. But neither physicians nor nurses function exclusively in one mode. Visualize a continuum with a masculine pole at one end and a feminine pole at the other, then plot the various kinds of nurses and physicians along it. Take nurses: near the masculine pole, one could place the intensive care unit nurse and the nurse practitioner. Both are primarily involved in practicing or assisting in the practice of medicine. They exercise a high degree of medical knowledge and technological expertise in the course of their work, although they temper this to varying degrees with the nurturing ways characteristic of the feminine mode. Moving toward the other end of the continuum, one finds the hospital staff nurse who functions about equally in the masculine and feminine modes and, near the feminine pole, the psychiatric nurse, the public health nurse, the nurse in a long-term care setting, and the nurse-midwife. These nurses function in the masculine mode to an extent. For example, the nurse in a nursing home may be implementing a medical treatment plan for a patient with cardiac disease and the midwife must be prepared to deal with medical complications of pregnancy and birth. Nevertheless, all function predominantly in the feminine mode, dealing with the known and unknown forces affecting a person's state of health, creating an environment in which healing

and wholeness can occur, and potentiating a person's own strengths through a positive, helping relationship.

Physicians can be placed along the same continuum. At the masculine pole, there are surgeons, radiologists, and pathologists who apply scientific principles and technologies to the solution of specific physiological problems--appendicitis, say, or leukemia. Toward the other end of the continuum are the pediatricians, family physicians, and psychiatrists who work largely in the feminine mode, listening, interpreting, supporting, counseling, teaching. Internists, like hospital nurses, can generally be placed somewhere in the middle since they function about equally in each mode. But even when a nurse and physician appear at the same point on the continuum, the nurse will gravitate toward the nurturing mode and the physician toward the problem-solving mode, for the masculine is never so highly developed in nurses as it is in physicians, and the feminine is never so highly developed in physicians as nurses.

Distinctions do tend to become blurred when sex and profession are in counterpoise, as in the case of a male nurse or a female physician. My experience has been that in such instances, sex-linked characteristics predominate. The male nurse is more likely to be problem-oriented, more aggressive and directed in his career goals and his bedside manner. Similarly, the female physician is likely to be more nurturing and more holistic in her outlook than her male colleagues, despite her training in scientific problem solving.

In my view, the professions of medicine and nursing are, in effect, playing out the relationship of the masculine and feminine in this society with all the strength and effectiveness that this complementariness can offer, and subject to the distortions and weaknesses that exist in a culture where the masculine is consistently overvalued and the feminine undervalued.

The dichotomy is not between healing and care giving, for care giving is one form of healing. Rather, the conflict lies between the two modes of healing; nurturing and problem solving. This dichotomy may in fact be at the root of a related conflict, the one between nursing education and nursing service. The realities of nursing service, particularly cost control and the demands of scientific medicine, force professional nurses to function further toward the masculine pole than they desire. They become supervisors of auxiliary nursing personnel and extensions of the physician. Nursing education, on the other hand, holds up the ideal of care giving as "pure" nursing and demeans the involvement of nurses in medical or administrative matters. As a result, many practicing nurses are perpetually frustrated because what they saw in nursing was not what they got, and educators are marginalized by administrators and health planners who reject the ideal as unrealistic in terms of their budgets and the available nursing manpower.

Reckoning with Scientific Supremacy

Another implication is that although nursing has a unique contribution to make to health care, our profession must live for a while longer with the fact that it is the technology of medicine, the masculine element, which is most highly valued by this society. Physicians, who are seen as the embodiment of this technology, are granted great respect by their communities and the nation, and are remunerated accordingly with money, status, and authority. As Emma Jung put it in speaking to women in general: "Learning to cherish and emphasize feminine values is the primary condition of our holding our own against the masculine principle which is mighty in a double sense--both within the psyche and without." [2] Not only does the society outside seem to downplay the importance of nursing to healing, but nurses themselves are often guilty of

the same!

Teaching Doctors How to Nurse

The final implication is that the inherent complementarity of the two prototype healing professions requires that nurses move toward a rapprochement with medicine rather than draw the nursing wagons into a tight circle to fight it off. The pendulum has swung about as far as it will toward the masculine pole. The public has already sensed that something is missing in health care. In the chapter he contributed to the book Doing Better and Feeling Worse, Knowles, (Ed.), Dr. Leon Eisenberg makes the case of recovering the caring function of the physician. He writes that "the comfort that treatment brings--what has been termed 'caring' as opposed to 'curing'--is what accounts for the antiquity and the continuity of the physician's function in society. Present day disenchantment with physicians . . . probably reflects the perception by people that they are not being cared for."

So the question arises--would it not be more useful for nurses to teach physicians how to be better nurses, rather than try to teach nurses how to practice medicine? Would we not be doing a great service to the public by turning hospitals and long-term care facilities into places where people can come to be nursed, places where they can enter into a therapeutic environment and relationships, while medical treatment occurs concurrently? (Carrying out a medical treatment plan is, after all, a medium through which nursing care is given.) And would it not be more effective, for the long run, to opt for joint nursing-medical practices rather than independent nursing practices where patients are still deprived of one of the two complementary healing modes? Granted, it often requires steely self-control, but I contend that the challenge for the nursing profession lies in preserving a balance between the masculine and feminine elements within ourselves and within the nursing profession. The world needs more of the healing influence and wisdom of the feminine. Nursing, as

the feminine healing mode, can make a great contribution to the healing of humankind.

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VeNeta Masson, R.N., M.A., is a nurse on the staff of Community Medical Care in Washington, DC. She is author of International Nursing recently published by Springer.





HOW "SHE COULD LET THAT HAPPEN"

by Terri Pease Schwartz

Book Review

If I Should Die Before I Wake by
Michelle Morris, published by Tarcher,
distributed by Houghton Mifflin, 1982.

Michelle Morris, in this new book, has done an astounding thing. In writing this novel, recently published by what appears to be a small house in California, she has captured the experience of a traumatic childhood in a way that makes believers of all of us.

The word "incest" usually has automatically paired itself with "taboo." For many people it calls to mind anthropologists' explanations of marriage outside the clan, or elitist accounts of what were called "degenerate" families in which adult brothers and sisters married to produce weakened, immoral offspring. But Michelle Morris makes clear what many women are beginning to speak aloud: that today incest, like all child abuse, means the ultimate perversion, not of sex, but of parental power.

The main character here is Carla, the 17-year-old remnant of a six-year-old girl kidnapped by her father. It is an astonishingly real story, in which this girl's memories and emotions coalesce as she discovers the thoroughness of how she has been tortured, and how much that torture has isolated her from any life she might have claimed.

There are many insights for the clinical worker or therapist in this novel. Morris includes two passages which surpass any technical writing I know of in conveying the magical/mysterious way that small children experience pain and abandonment. In one of these (page 12), Carla recalls her wish for

her mother to rescue her. The passage, where she tells her distant, lost mother about "the face . . . big and wet and there are dark smells all around me," about the "burn part . . . comes cause it's so fast now and it goes sharp like that and then it stops . . . it's heavy all over me and pushing down on me all over . . ." says what it is actually like for a six-year-old who is raped. As a clinician who works with such children, I feel sure that Morris is right, that she knows.

Other portions of this book make it clear, to any reader, how obvious the continuation of torture is in the mind of the child who has known no other life. When Dean, a friend, and the outside person who discovers Carla's life, attempts to free Carla, it is as though the two of them are speaking different languages. Himself a foster child, and a victim of a different sort, Dean speaks to Carla of choosing, of being separate from her torture, from the hideous assaults of her father. Carla, apparently, cannot believe in such things. She follows Dean's wishes out of an accustomed blind necessity of obeying those who say they love her. It is only Carla's contact with a prior sense of herself--the re-awakening of her lost knowledge that she is someone other than her father's victim that leads Carla to her first independent intention.

This perhaps, is one frightening truth that emerges for the reader, for those who would help the victimized child. Our sense of the horror of incest, of brutality and our revulsion for the man who does these things is, too often, not shared by the victim. When a child has been taught that brutality is obvious, is as regular as breath, more frequent than quiet or love, she cannot believe that another life exists. The possibility that all lives are not like hers is less real than Santa Claus. The idea of peace, of happiness, is only a comforting fairy tale for many girls like Carla. When we, who wish to rescue such children hear the response "but he's my father," it is nearly impossible to understand the sense of inevitability that accompanies their misery.

Michelle Morris captures this fully, and in doing so creates a frustratingly unreal person. Throughout If I Should Die . . . we find out what happened, and how Carla reacted, but never who this person is who has been so tortured. But shortly after that frustration comes understanding--that for the victim of this kind of abuse, she is no one else. A child so tortured grows up to be a victim and little more. If we never find out who Carla is when she is not being raped, worried about being raped, or reacting to having been raped, it is because Carla has become nothing beyond such events.

This then is the tragedy of incest, and the sharp, ugly truth of this novel. Children who are repeatedly, terribly robbed of their selves cannot--simply because we wish to rescue them--step out of their lives. When we, as lovers, as friends, as therapists encounter them they are empty of what could make them stand up and ally with us. Carla could not leave her father's house to start a new way of living with Dean. She could refuse to be tortured, but only by turning the tables within that house. Had she left, the sudden emptiness of her person, the realization that she had, for all her life, grown only in the sophistication of her ability to avoid rape, to fantasize revenge, would have been a final, devastating blow. Take away her torture, and there would be no Carla left. The emptiness of victimized, tortured people points to the difficulty such women have in moving beyond their pasts. Many, many women who were victims of childhood sexual abuse have started to write, to speak out--and in so doing to identify themselves as women who have learned to say "no" to such abuse. Often, they strengthen this identity by their work and example for other victims--giving lessons, as it were, in no-saying. That this is a far healthier response to an identity as victim is unquestionable. What is questionable though, is what else there is. How can we, as feminists, as helpers by profession or by compassion, aid victims in becoming former victims and, finally, at becoming something, someone totally other.

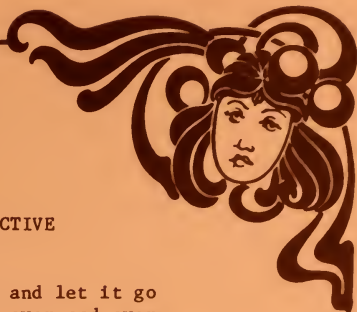
I wondered, on reading the last parts of this book, what could become of Carla. She says of it all, "The seal is broken," but I was left wondering who will help Carla to be more than this sordid past. Is it enough to be angry, to exact the ultimate revenge? For myself, for my own wish that it all would never have happened to her, I wanted Carla to have a chance at more than saying no. I wanted her to have what may never be available to women who have been so hurt--for the "no!" the sense of inviolability and the right to selfhood to be as inevitable, as natural as her torture had been. Maybe this is too much to wish for. Morris wrote this novel in a way that makes clear that prolonged, hideous torture destroys a soul, that in such lives caring for one's own body means preserving another's property--leaving only self destruction as an act of self possession.

The ambiguity about Carla's future may be the final revelation here--that once stolen, once destroyed, a life can never be what it should have been.

Read this book. If you have been hurt it will reassure you that you did not know how to stop your pain--it will make very clear that you did not make your own prison, though you may have been made to be your own prisoner. If you have not been hurt, you will learn about damage to the core of being in a way that will make it impossible to ask, "How could she let that happen?"

(Ms. Schwartz is a professor at Governors State University and works as a therapist with incest victims. She is currently a doctoral candidate at Cornell University.)





WRITING/FROM A PREMENSTRUAL PERSPECTIVE

Just start/ separate off a piece/ cut it off and let it go
Nothing ever finishes/ only rolls on and on/ over and over

My womb is rolling over
a promissory note that comes due monthly
beginning a new cycle of borrowing

It is not an organized process. Lysis:
Each cell a broken grocery bag
Spewing out its contents
A release of energy

Flowing is letting go
of something you don't need anymore.
I want to flow like a mountain stream
crackling cold and clear
hurling myself in a delicious slide
welcoming each obstacle as merely
another angle from which to flow

But I am a woman
sometimes I flow tears and sometimes blood
It is not a process I have learned.
I have only learned to inhibit it.

My toilet training was difficult you know.
The memory of indescribable humiliation is programmed
into my muscles to reinforce the habit of holding back.
I wonder what it does to them to experience
each month a slow leak beyond their control?

I have been taught to compose, to be composed.
Approval given to those forces in me that maintain order
A horror of decomposition.
But I carry in me a time for that, a time to discard.
I need to let it happen/ and catch it on the page . . .

--Alice Dan

PART 2: Wellness: Getting There

REFLECTIONS ON SLENDER BENDER A Group Perspective

by Donna Bandstra

A week of diet and exercise means something different to each individual. The continued stretching of long-neglected muscles has obvious physiological advantages, and the concomitant release of stress and tension from both small and large muscle groups has an added psychological benefit. There is heightened awareness of one's own body during a hearty workout and a communion with the spirit. There is also sweat, agony, pain, and exhaustion.

Recently a group of approximately fifty south suburban Chicago women experienced a week of vigorous physical exercise and dieting. Entitled "Slender Bender," the event was a women's physical fitness camp sponsored by the local branches of the YMCA. The camp director, Marilyn Herbeck, also taught aerobic dancing (see her article on page 19 and our yoga teacher's article on page 21). Nestled in the pine forests of western Michigan and rolling around a private lake, Camp Pinewoods afforded all the amenities of a typical summer camp: log cabins, badly sagging beds with lumpy mattresses, chipmunks playing hide-and-seek in leaf piles and tree trunks, insects of every variety, etc. The planned activities ran the gamut from yoga, aerobics, jazzercise, and slim-living classes to the traditional horseback riding, canoeing, swimming, and hiking. Meals were calorie-controlled and moderately diet-wise. However, portions were not restricted. Additionally, classes in nutrition were offered and food preparation tips and calorie-reduced recipes were available so that the diet needn't stop upon return home.

The final night of the camp found TCW Editor Helen Hughes leading the group through a series of creative games as described in *Listening to the Body* by Jean Houston. After four days of strenuous physical exercise, it was time to

exercise the brain, an often neglected muscle. The group was encouraged to do some "mental pushups" and use their imaginative powers. Following some relaxation and focusing exercises, the women were asked to express in writing their feelings and thoughts at that moment in time. Where were they in the movement of their lives? What was different about them since their arrival at Slender Bender? What changes did they anticipate when they returned to their normal lives? Anonymity was guaranteed, and the participants were also invited to draw, should they decide to choose that mode of expression.

The responses were many and varied. Some used drawings along with their narrative; others used art work to make the entire statement. The narratives were humorous, touching, optimistic, acquiescent.

Many spoke of the release of the tensions of the work-a-day world and the opportunity to focus on their own selves for a rare change. Some expressed a rather childlike feeling of being totally reliant on others.

"The tension I felt before my arrival seems to have subsided. I have a more relaxed frame of mind. Although the experience may be tiring, I am doing and enjoying something I want to do for myself, myself alone. It's up to me how well I do in this camp experience. I am trying to learn to discipline myself better. I feel as though this program has helped me a great deal."

"The relaxation and busy program left no time for worry. I forgot all my problems at home. I enjoyed hearty laughter with my roommates, something I hadn't done in years. World problems were forgotten. Before leaving home I had a tremor--miraculously, it has left me."

"I have had time to rest my mind since I've been here. I have been able to sort out some things by being away



Staff of Camp Pinewood: Dixie Butts, Joy Goff, Marilyn Herbeck, Beatrice Hudson (deceased), Phyllis Marco, Ginger Plys.

from the hustle and bustle of the city."

Although it would appear that the release from task and role responsibility was rather unanimous, one respondent found the freedom to be a difficult change from the norm.

"The days seem long. It's hard to adjust the rhythms of my daily schedule to such a different time clock. Yet, it's good for me. Today, a rainy day, leads to a feeling of confinement I wouldn't have at home."

Many women found the solitude of the forest and stimulation of physical exercise put them in a reflective frame of mind and presented a golden opportunity to reassess relationships with family, friends, and even their newly-met cabin mates.

"These few days spent with women of all ages, types, shapes, and backgrounds, who arrived at a point simultaneously and came seeking the same goal, has brought me to an awareness of not being alone. We have all arrived along different paths, yet we have come together to counsel and reinforce each other."

Others reflected their own bodies and their attitudes toward them. Some women experienced profound changes in their self-perceptions, changes which they hoped would become permanent additions to their lives and lifestyles. Many were optimistic that the behaviors

fostered at Camp Pinewood would be transferable to their everyday lives.

"I have started to feel that there is a possibility of returning my body to a much healthier and more attractive shape. I had reached a point of feeling that it was hopeless and almost an impossibility of ever being fit and trim again. Staying fit is a daily job and cannot be left to a haphazard choice. It requires a decision, discipline, and determination. It's a way of life."

"My body is more pleasing to me now. It is not perfect but it is good enough, and is probably as good as it's going to get. I accept my figure flaws and have no desire to devote a great deal of time to eliminating them."

"My body and mind have become friends. From this point on we will go forward as companions rather than antagonists. Together we'll go complementing one another. The future looks bright and harmonious."

One respondent was optimistically negative:

"Frankly, I can see no profound change in myself. This doesn't matter, though, as I am satisfied with even a small improvement. Actually, today was a 'down' day for me, and at this moment I do not feel that good about myself. Tomorrow will be better."

The participants reflected not only on their bodies, but also on their psyches. There were optimistic statements and exhortations to change. Some were satisfied with the status quo.

"I've reached a stage in my life when I find I do not have to prove myself to anyone. It is a tranquil feeling I enjoy."

"I have found I no longer have to fear old age, as the seniors I have met are wonderful. I no longer have to fear overweight, as overweight people are human beings also."

"The camp situation brings out some neglected aspects of my personality. I am capable of leadership and organization. At home there is little opportunity to use these skills."

"Good minds exist outside our own tiny daily worlds. Age does not limit awareness. Communication is always possible."

"At this stage in my life it is now time to expand my living zone. I am living again. What a joy to be able to hike up a hill, walk for four or five miles, to be alive and partake of the world!"

"My body will be treated with care. My brain is so full with new ideas, I feel like I am going to burst!"

The common bond of womanhood was also a recurrent theme among the participants. Spending a week with only women opened a communication channel and allowed for awareness that may not otherwise have been possible.

"I am impressed by the myriad of shapes and sizes of women's bodies--young women, slim and muscular, older women with stretched and scarred abdomens and big heavy breasts from years of childbearing. I like the camaraderie."

"The best hour today was the canoe trip down the Muskegon River. Caught in a rainstorm, we had to put out on a steep bank, in deep mud. But, we coped."

"My admiration for women, especially in this group, increased tenfold. I am proud of womanhood--their spunk, their courage to try just about anything. Just a few days of companionship and especially the time being alone makes me feel like I am part of this vast universe. I shall be somewhat sad to leave Pinewood and the women here. I have not been lonely."

One participant realized a sensual expression from the exercises.

"The exercises we do here and at

the YMCA include a good deal of sensual expression--hip circles, shimmying, etc. It's accepted here without embarrassment. I like to do this sort of thing and others seem to also. Most of us are probably too inhibited to do these movements on the dance floor or even for our husbands. I wonder if we could do these movements so uninhibitedly if they were presented solely as feeling good, and not as being good for our health and strength?"

And finally, lest we not forget the awesomeness of a higher power, one woman wrote of reaching a spiritual level through a communion with nature.

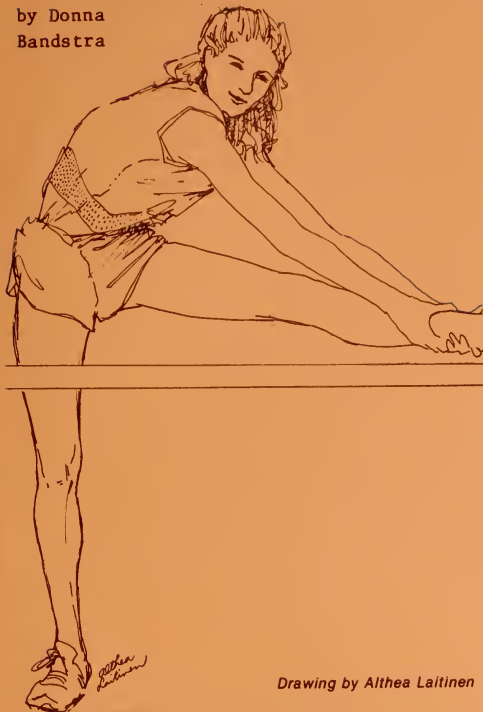
"I saw a scarlet tanager, a bird I haven't seen since I was a child. I like to be off on my own witnessing the beauty of nature, the calm of an evening sunset, the sound of God's wonders, and to be blessed by seeing one of his rarities, a scarlet tanager."

(Ms. Bändstra is an administrator with a supplemental staff and home help agency and a graduate student in Health Planning. She is an advisory board member of The Creative Woman and was Editorial Assistant of the first issue of TCW.)



MY WEEK AT FITNESS CAMP

by Donna
Bandstra



Drawing by Althea Laitinen

When Helen Hughes called and invited me to "Slender Bender," a women's YMCA sponsored physical fitness camp, I reacted positively and without hesitation. "Of course," I said, "I would like to spend five days in the pine forests of central Michigan, commune with nature and other women, and, most importantly, diet and exercise." But underneath the hearty assent was a rather strong reluctance to admit that I was not totally enamored with the idea of putting my body on display, even if it was with a group of women. However, not wanting to pass up an opportunity to shed some pounds and tighten some much-neglected muscles, and have, probably, my only vacation of the year, I packed my bags.

Upon arriving at Camp Pinewood, we chose our lodging and settled in. As others began arriving, excitement levels rose and motivation was keen. Looks of

eager anticipation and commitment could be seen on the faces of the participants. We all were there for a purpose, and to that end we would bend, stretch, reach, and touch until our muscles cried out in desperation to stop and rest.

My anxieties about putting on my leotard in surroundings other than the privacy of my own home began to abate until I stumbled upon the bathroom or, as the brochure so aptly described it, the "wash house." To my horror, the showers were communal. My high school days flashed before my eyes and I waited, in my mind, for the hour bell to ring and summon a mad dash to Algebra II. Returning to reality, I made a mental note to determine the least popular shower time in order to shower solo. Unfortunately, it was sure to be either meal time or before dawn.

That first night was spent getting acclimated to our surroundings and acquainted with our fellow slender benders. After a hearty walk made even more strenuous by the continual swatting of mosquitoes, we returned to the lodge for a group introductory session. We represented all ages, from the early 20's to the mid 70's, numerous occupations--psychologist, housewife, student, retiree--and all socioeconomic levels. We were truly the proverbial mixed bag.

The exercises began shortly thereafter and the true camaraderie of the group was evoked. As the music swelled and the leader guided us along with shouts of "Keep those knees straight!" we were truly united in body, mind, and spirit. Together we would attempt to accomplish what we were unable to do, or had not done, individually.

After this first invigorating session, a shower was definitely in order. Unfortunately for me, more of the participants concurred with this idea as they hurried from their cabins, towels and soap in hand. This was the moment I had dreaded, and I was destined to meet it head-on or sleep in my week's allotment of fresh sheets feeling like the inside of an old track shoe. Not one to pass up a challenge and yearning to be

rid of my inhibitions, I bundled up my shower gear, gulped, and assumed my best air of nonchalance.

To my surprise, once the clothes were slowly shed, each piece carefully folded and the towel hung securely on the nearest hook, I realized that baring my body was not so bad. As I looked around me at the laughing and chatting women, some comfortably naked, others with their towels precariously wrapped about their torsos, I saw an incredible array of sizes and shapes. But what impressed me even more was the ease with which some of these women carried their bodies. Most importantly, I was awed with the incredible beauty of women's bodies, no matter the size or shape. It was at this moment that I realized that somehow I had been duped all these years into thinking that unless my body was a perfect size seven, a real 36-26-36 (although by today's standards this is large), it was unacceptable not only to myself, but to others. Sometime during my early socialization process and the crucial formative years, I had been led to believe that a female body should only be smooth and sleek, hairless in all the right areas, free of all bumps, lumps, cellulite, and stretch marks. Obviously, I had learned my lesson well because I had continued to shroud my body in clothes, robes, towels, and the like whenever possible, even in the presence of my intimate companions. For far too long I had harbored a strong self-loathing of my physical body, a very destructive and unnecessary dislike, and one that, up until my camping experience, I had never questioned.

My experience at Slender Bender afforded me the opportunity to view my body differently, and see it as that of a mature woman and mother. This realization allowed for a different perspective on diet and exercise. To firm up one's body is fine for all the right reasons--to increase cardiovascular endurance; to keep muscles toned; and a proper diet and nutrition is necessary for optimal maintenance of the body's vital organs. To reduce for purely aesthetic reasons and strive for sizes and shapes which are not within the normal

range for one's own body type is nonsense.

The remainder of my week at Slender Bender, after I had arrived at this monumental realization, was no less enjoyable but certainly less intense than I had anticipated. Gone was the desperation to stretch each muscle to the maximum and lose each and every ounce of adipose tissue possible. In its place was a newly perceived approach to diet and exercise; strenuous activity and proper nutrition were geared to the optimal maintenance of the organism, instead of the quest to become a Bo Derek clone. Each lap run was performed for the heart and the respiratory system, each deep knee bend for the long-neglected thigh muscle. Weight loss was still certainly a goal, but a goal with new objectives. Gone was the compulsion to weigh 110 pounds and wear a size seven, along with the trepidation of stepping on a scale or shedding my clothes. Slender Bender gave me far more than I had ever expected. Instead of returning home with less of me, I returned with more--a new and more positive self-perception, and the sense that my body is OK.

(For a further discussion of why women have been conditioned to dislike their bodies, read The Obsession: Reflections on the Tyranny of Slenderness by Kim Chernin. Harper and Row: New York, 1981.)



FITNESS: THE THREE-FOLD PATH

by Marilyn Herbeck

We're only given one body, so we'd better take care of what we're given. We can take care of our bodies in three ways: 1) proper diet, 2) exercise, and 3) proper rest.

It is very true that we feel well when we eat well. A proper diet for most people is one that consists daily of foods from the four food groups: 1) milk group (cheese, yogurt, ice cream); 2) meat group (fish, poultry, eggs, nuts, dry beans, soy extenders); 3) fruits and vegetables (citrus fruit daily, dark, green leafy or orange vegetables) three or four times weekly; 4) grain group (breads, whole wheat, cereals, rice); and some fats.

If one food group is eliminated for a length of time, the body misses it and will tell in some way.

Proper diet also means not overeating.

I believe that daily exercise gives us more pep and energy for the whole day. Exercise gives one a lift from the blues, a sense of well-being, an improved self-image, and an overall good feeling.

There are many types of exercise. One that gives an aerobic effect is the best choice. Aerobics is activity that gets the heart rate up to a certain level figured according to age. That level should be maintained for a period of 30 minutes, three times a week. Many sports are appropriate and anyone should be able to find one that she enjoys. Exercise should not be boring, but something to look forward to. Exercise is also a good remedy for stress, and aerobic exercise has been known to bring down high blood pressure.

The proper amount of rest is to be figured out individually. Some people get along very well with very little rest, while others need at least eight hours of sleep a night to feel well.

Photo of Marilyn Herbeck courtesy of Star Publications



Overweight seems to be the American disease, and oddly enough, one of the few diseases most of us have in our power to curb. All people are not created equal when it comes to weight. There are many reasons for being overweight: lack of knowledge about food, eating excessive amounts, poor physical fitness (lack of exercise), poor eating habits, use of food to cope with stress, genetic factors, metabolic or glandular problems, fear of being attractive to the opposite sex, inability to differentiate between hunger and boredom.

Age is no excuse for overweight. Most people think of a diet as something to go off of at the end of. That's why fad diets and fasting don't work. A good weight loss program would be one to live with forever, occasionally deviating from it.

There are alternatives to a healthy weight loss program, such as diet pills, shots, surgery, hypnosis, staples in the ears, and wiring the mouth shut. But these methods are certainly not to be recommended.

Exercise should be incorporated when proceeding with a weight loss program. Using exercise, a higher proportion of weight loss will come from fat deposits, the energy we have stored as fat in our bodies. Some form of exertion or activity added to the day can give a lift and relieve the boredom or blues that frequently stimulate eating. Very strenuous exercise right before a meal will frequently decrease the appetite markedly. Along with improved tone, the cardiovascular system will regain its ability to respond more rapidly to stress. Your body will regain a firm athletic shape, not muscular like a weight lifter. There's also more incentive to change food habits . . . why exercise, then overeat and destroy all the benefits?

Here are some of the best hints we have found to really help in the battle of the bulge.

1. Plan ahead--plan meals a week in advance, go shopping with your list and stick to it.
2. Get a small calorie counter book to help you find out the most you can eat with the least amount of calories.
3. Plan your daily menus around the four food groups, and vary your menus.
4. Never, ever go shopping when you are hungry.
5. Keep a daily record of your food consumption so you can figure your particular intake.
6. Keep fresh, cleaned vegetables ready to eat in the refrigerator, to help you get through the "hard" times.
7. Never eat more than 500 calories at the evening meal.

Good eating habits pay off--try them.

A good book to read on weight control is The Women Doctor's Diet Book for Women by Dr. Barbara Edelson.

(Ms Herbeck is Women's Director at the Harvey YMCA and has worked in the physical fitness field for 17 years.)



YOGA AS A DISCIPLINE FOR WOMEN

by Ginger Plys

Is it possible to isolate the "woman" in the practice of Hatha Yoga? Yoga is for everyone, young or old, male or female; that is the beauty of it. We do have male enthusiasts, of course, and the guru image is male; but in the Western culture the "doers" have been predominantly female.

In Eastern culture, where yogis and swamis are revered, Hatha Yoga has been dominated by the male for centuries, though some yoginis became known throughout the provinces. In Buddhist countries every young man spends two weeks or more in a monastery, learning how to concentrate and meditate, to prepare him for maturity. It is only in recent years that the government of India has recognized the value of Hatha Yoga and has begun teaching the asanas to the general population. Hatha Yoga is in unique harmony with the Hindu philosophy that embraces the peaceful, introspective development of the whole person, spiritually and physically.

Our Western culture and frenetic way of life, on the other hand, seem in direct opposition to the ideals of Hatha Yoga. Possibly because Yoga is not aggressive, not macho or competitive, it has been practiced more by women than by men in our society. While the popular conception of Yoga is one of gentleness, a newcomer is always surprised to find that it requires strength, plus the ability to concentrate, in order to become adept.

Hatha Yoga works on the whole person using three basic paths: the asanas (exercises), pranayama (breath control) and meditation. It is not a violent form of exercise; rather, the asanas consist of slow, studied movements, requiring concentration to work into and to maintain. They are punctuated with periods of breathing exercises and relaxation. The relaxation itself is one of the most difficult aspects of Yoga

to conquer, asking us to totally release the physical and mental tensions that bind us. Because the movements are slow and because they can be varied or simplified to fit the individual, Yoga can be practiced by anyone at any age. Since one of its main objectives is the health of the spine, it is particularly suited to the well-being of senior citizens. When the advanced asanas are done completely and properly, however, they are quite strenuous and require a buildup of stamina. They also require a good deal of patience. The slow stretching of the muscles is essential. Rapid, unplanned movements can be harmful and are of no use in achieving the desired results.

Fortunately, women have a double edge in Yoga. As a rule their bodies are more flexible than men's, making them excellent physical prospects for Yoga.* In Yoga, flexibility is the name of the game. The asanas flow naturally and gracefully. But more important, women come to Yoga equipped with the gift of patience. Bred into the female psyche, part and parcel with the maternal instinct, over the years, were patience, endurance, reconciliation, pacifism. When women carry these attributes into a Yoga class, they can't lose!

*Note: I have seen a group of middle-aged women, versed in Yoga, perform flexibility and Yoga exercises more easily than 20-year-old male track stars. Though the athletes were in top physical condition otherwise, they had not been exposed to flexibility training and were, therefore, more prone to injury on the track. Yoga is slowly gaining acceptance, however, and is becoming recognized by fitness experts as one of the best conditioners for other sports.

(Ms. Plys has been a student of Hatha Yoga for ten years and a teacher of yoga for three years.)



DEAD WEIGHT

by Linda Galiotto

When you say you have to lose weight you seem to think of all the extra dead weight you've been carrying around. I know I did. I had a total of 100 pounds to lose before I could even begin to look "healthy." In the last ten months I have lost 80 of those pounds.

The first thing people say when they see me is, "How did you do it?" I really don't have an answer, at least not the one they want to hear. They are waiting to discover the miracle method to weight loss. "After all," they say, "if she could do it. . . ." People become bored when I tell them that it was simply a matter of making a decision to lose those extra pounds and then sticking to it. They really don't want to hear that the magic method is nothing more than sensible eating and determination.

I have to admit that certain events in my life influenced my decision. I had gained a steady 10 to 15 pounds a year for ten years. As I became more comfortable with my surroundings, I became less aware of myself. I would go to work in the morning, eat a few sweet rolls, snack until lunchtime, have a massive lunch, and wait until it was time to go home for dinner. After dinner I would be bored so I would sit in front of the television set with a bag of potato chips or popcorn and eat my way through prime time.

Unfortunately, I had a companion who was also content with this lifestyle. I had been going out with the same person for over five years. His energy levels were even lower than mine. After the fourth year of this monotony, I was beginning to realize that there was more to life than sitting at home every night watching television and stuffing your face. It took another year of indecision before I was ready to act on this realization.

Gertrude Stein once said that being fat "is a state of mind that helps keep you from fulfilling certain frightening obligations." My obligation was to myself. I avoided the responsibility of decision-making for years as I hid behind layers of fat, accepting life as it was. I knew I wanted more but I was afraid of losing what I perceived as the security which I already had.

My first major decision for change was to enroll in a graduate degree program. My television companion did not like the idea of having to watch the tube alone and many arguments ensued. It was then that I realized I had a lot more weight to lose than that which was on my body. I had to get rid of the dead weight sharing my position in front of my television! Once I admitted that, half the battle had been won.

I became active at school and was offered a part-time teaching position at a vocational school. Suddenly there was no time to eat. I started losing weight without even trying. I lost 15 pounds in this manner which encouraged me to continue to try to lose more. That was that. I've been on a diet ever since. I check in with my family physician once a month to make sure that I'm not overdoing it and to get a little moral support. I have been losing an average of eight to ten pounds a month.

My entire attitude seems to have changed as well as healthier attitudes of others toward me. I was shocked when an old friend of my brother's asked me out on a date. First of all, it had been over five years since I had been on a real date and I had forgotten what to do. Second, I could see that he no longer viewed me as that "jolly sister of so-and-so" but that he was seeing me as a woman. It was a revelation to me that I was attractive to someone. When I was overweight I perceived myself as unappealing, and if someone said I was appealing I assumed they were lying.

My own self-awareness has heightened with each pound I've lost. Little by little I've realized that I can ac-

compish almost anything I set my mind to. I no longer have to hide behind a wall of fat. The obligations that frightened me before are no longer threatening.

I'm not trying to advocate a widespread dumping of boring boyfriends, but I do recommend taking a good look at yourself and your surroundings. Self-assessment is a difficult but necessary task. If you're not perfectly content with your current lifestyle, do some positive thinking, try making some changes and see what can happen. It certainly worked for me.

(Ms. Galiotto, a graduate student at De Paul University is a survey analyst at the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. She has lost 90 lbs. in the past year.)



GETTING HEALTHY
or
CONFESSIONS OF A SEDENTARY LIFE

by Elizabeth A. Havey

Norman Cousins, author of the revealing Anatomy of an Illness and of the new book Human Options, has written: "Most people think they are immortal--until they get a cold, then they think they are going to die within the hour." There is unbelievable truth in this statement, truth that could save all of us a lot of pain, time, and money if we only sought it out. Our bodies are ourselves and we must not just walk around inside of them, ignoring them like a pesky neighbor--we must cultivate and care for them--from the very beginning!

When I was 12 I told my mother I didn't want to have large, full breasts as she had. I pictured myself slim and flat, moving gracefully but ever so slowly into adulthood. My body was lithe and vibrant and strong; my youth made me capable, limber; nothing could exhaust me.

When I was 19 I was glad of my ample figure. I was in college where I got by on six hours of sleep, skipped breakfast, put in "all-nighters", cut swimming class and ate two desserts if I didn't like the entree in the college dining room. I pictured myself brilliant and lovely, planning my future ever so carefully.

When I was 22 I had a teaching career, worked an eight-hour day, taught another class at night, partied two or three nights on the weekends and had a great time. I pictured myself the total teacher, the young, exciting wife. And I was--but I'd crash for days at a time I was so tired.

When I was 26 and pregnant I bragged about how little weight I had gained. I skimmed the nutrition pamphlets and never exercised. I pictured myself in a long white gown nursing and rocking my baby. But I was edgy and

exhausted when I tried to nurse and my baby had colic.

Once at 31 when I was borrowing a cake recipe, my friend who had spent the morning running suggested that I take a nutrition course. At the time she had said that it would help me prepare meals for my daughter. I know now she directed the need to me. But I thought about the inconvenience, how boring it would be. Anyway I didn't need any health tips. I was fine.

And then I was 32 and pregnant again. And then after my second child's birth I could hardly get out of bed in the morning. I had developed low blood sugar. And the backache that I had ignored got more persistent. My seasonal colds became monthly. I pictured myself young and vibrant again, but I wasn't.



Drawing by Althea Laitinen

Now I'm 35. I've had these minor health problems, but they've still been problems and they've made me ask, "Why is this happening to me at 35? I'm young, I'm vibrant. I shouldn't be having these or any problems!"

But I can't kid myself any more. I can no longer have a childish, everything is wonderful attitude. I can no longer ignore the one thing that all of us consistently ignore day after day--our own bodies. There were times, many times, when I neglected normal day-to-day health practices because I had a paper due, or lesson plans to prepare or later a house to clean or work associated with my children. I was not raised to consider that if you brush your teeth everyday and take care of that part of your body, that you should also exercise frequently, eat right, and work preventive health measures into your lifestyle.

At this point in my confession the questions arise: Why wasn't I aware of this? Why wasn't I jogging like everybody else and eating in health food restaurants, etc.? I wasn't, precisely because the trend, the movement toward good health hadn't taken off when I was growing up. In the 60's, JFK saw the need and stressed physical fitness for all Americans. Heart disease and cancer were on the rise. Most often at that time physical fitness was relegated to gym class. In college we drank coke for breakfast; no one jogged; we sunbathed and never swam, though the campus of my college was on Lake Michigan, and we all smoked like crazy. I remember some of the younger students having health food snacks in their rooms. We thought them a little odd and went off to consume candy bars and brownies from home.

When I graduated from college the drug scene was in full swing. The teens I taught in high school cared not at all for their health and many of them experimented with drugs. When I asked one boy if he was concerned about what this might mean in the future he scoffed at me saying that we'd all be blown away sooner or later and there was no reason to take preventive measures.

Certainly things are changing now. The fight against smoking rages, health foods can be purchased at the supermarket and a drive down a city street or a suburban highway affords the view of at least one jogger. "Health nut" is no longer a derisive term.

Of course, as in all things, the emphasis sometimes is carried to extremes. Today, more than ever, the image of a beautiful body is before us. Bodies are emphasized and not always for the pure motive of health and a healthy life. Bodies are a "modus operandi" to get a man, a woman, a job, a friend--anything. Bodies are used to sell anything. Skin, the outer layer that covers the essential makeup of a real person, is considered so important that there are creams and salves for every inch of it. A recent novel, Living Alone by John Givens, used skin as a symbol of the surface lifestyle many people are adopting. The characters in the novel spend hours tanning their skin, rubbing it using special lotions, caring nothing for the hearts and souls of those around them or for their own inner selves. There are excesses in everything.

But the basic point should be that each of us has 'only one skin, one body, one set of organs and muscles and we should spend some time contributing to their upkeep. That time should be a natural, normal part of life--something available to everyone, not requiring a fancy health club or a closet full of designer sport clothes.

A lead article in a recent issue of Time magazine stressed that more than ever things are changing. Today the trend is toward fitness, and more and more people are involved daily in taking extra care of their bodies, their health. The article underlined the fact that health is a billion dollar business--jogging, swimming, weight lifting, dancercizing, exercising, jazzercizing, aerobics. I say bravo all the same; this can be money well spent. I'm not referring to the prancing-on-the-beach-in-a-bikini-to-attract-males results, but the good muscle tone, strong heart beat, extra energy results.

Dr. Richard Selzer, a surgeon and writer, says in his collection of essays, Mortal Lessons, that we are all working daily against natural negatives as we use our 208 bones:

"But this man who thrust himself from the earth, who wore the stars of heaven in his hair, was guilty of overweening pride. In act most audacious, he had defied nothing less than the law of gravity. (He stood up.) He was to pay dearly for such high imposture. The vertebrae, unused to their new columnar arrangement, clipped, buckled, and wore out. Next, the arches of the feet fell. The hip joints ground to a halt. . . . Worse still, our soft underparts have given way. Under the sag of our guts, we bulge into hernia. We turn to soft lump."

If, as Selzer says with tongue in cheek, we are all destined for such an end, I congratulate those who will undertake to learn to use the body properly, who will work to get good mileage from it, and who will remember that there is no trade in.

Nutrition is also an important aspect of the total health picture. Diet, to me, does not mean lose weight. Diet means sensible, well-balanced, wholesome eating. Jane Brody in her new book Jane Brody's Nutrition Book takes the right approach by explaining that fad diets tend to throw your nutritional intake off balance; one stresses carbohydrates, another protein. Brody emphasizes whole grains, vegetables, and small portions of meat. She advocates a "fling" once in a while--dinner out, for instance, where one eats and eats. This fling can be altered by careful eating habits the rest of the week and no loss of vitamins, amino acids and nutrients in the process.

I find a good rule to follow is "nothing in excess." Too much of any one type of food can be harmful. People have eaten so many carrots that their skin has acquired a yellow tinge from the carotene. On the other hand, of course, a steady diet of prepackaged, frozen and chemically laced food will

alter your energy level and lower your ability to cope as the years go on. It is best to stick to simple eating habits and to eat less. Four small meals a day are far superior to two giant ones. Energy levels rise when the body is not overloaded with calories.

Finally, a person's vision of good health and a long life have to contain a holistic approach. The mind is a powerful factor in all of this and a frantic mental outlook can blur and harm the physical image one may be trying to create. It all goes back to something we rarely think about until, as Norman Cousins has said, we are sick, or until something hurts or is broken: we have to take care of ourselves!

When I was 24 and feeling good I told everyone I was a sedentary person--that I'd rather sit and read than jog. Now that I'm 35 and my back hurts after an hour of sitting I'm up and out. I have muscles to tone, exercises to accomplish--I picture myself active and healthy and I've got a lot of cultivating and caring to do before the image comes clear.

(Ms. Havey is a free lance writer interested in health research.)



MORNING

empty,
the house is a dark corner.

I pull the blanket closer,
padding to thermostats,
trying to coax in heat.

The kitchen tiles rub
cold faces against
my bare feet.

Still snuggled in my makeshift
shawl, I turn on
gas burners, open
curtains, start fire.

The neighborhood's awake--
cars starting, radio news,
milkman clinks,
early papers.
But the house is still dead.
And frozen cold.

--Linda Ritchie





JUDY

Not seen for what she knows to be her truth
she knows the lie: that she is understood
by fools who, proclaiming their judgments good,
speak from faceless mouths; mouths without a tooth.
She will reveal her secrets to a few--
a special few, like me, by her are taught
to read from minds and play her songs of thought.
We in return . . . there's nothing we can do.
I cannot say, of course, what can't be said,
and sometimes think my feelings never show.
And what she means, I think she'll never know;
my Book of Hours: words veiled though well-read.
For no one ever sees her as they ought--
a fragile fallen star the world has caught.

--Linda Ritchie

PART 3: *Women In Sport*

BEYOND MYTH . . . WOMEN AND RUNNING

by Margaret Brady

And they're off . . . and running. Women, that is. And there's no stopping them this time. They might have tried to pull "K.V." (Katherine) Switzer out of the men-only Boston Marathon in 1967 --because she was a woman--but there's no way to stop the thousands upon thousands of women who have taken to the streets, alleys, and backroads of their communities for fitness' sake.

Since 1972, when the running boom in America really took off, various myths about what was going to happen to women who run have been popping up. Unfortunately, responsible research and information about women and running was not readily available . . . until now, as the health hazards for women runners are, one by one, being cast aside for the myths that they are.

One such hazard was the "prolapsed" (or fallen) uterus. "I think we've seen that that's been proven to be a myth," commented Judy Lutter, president of the Melpomene (named after the first woman, a Greek, to run the Olympic Marathon in 1896) Institute for Women's Health Research in St. Paul Minnesota.

"That's one of the several things men worried about," she added, "since there is no evidence of this." A marathon runner herself (her "personal best" is 2:56), 42-year-old Lutter is a research design specialist with master's degrees in educational psychology and American studies. Lutter also works part-time at the Science Museum of Minnesota in addition to coordinating Melpomene research programs.

Together with Susan Cushman, 32, a medical student at the University of Minnesota, who is also a runner and vice president of Melpomene, Lutter helped develop Melpomene in the late 1970's; today it is a nonprofit agency designed to perform research and gather

information about physically active and athletic women. There is a one-of-a-kind institute in a country where most athletic research and information concerns men. Melpomene researchers have their work cut out for them, since there are many more unanswered than answered questions about women and running.

Currently Melpomene's research staff members are studying the development of children born to 195 women who ran throughout their pregnancy. The women themselves, Lutter said, had "no problems" with running during pregnancy.

Staff members are also studying the role that body fat plays in active women who experience amenorrhea (menstruation cessation), and whether or not menstruation returns once the activity level is decreased. On the average, women are said to have ten percent more fat than men. Amenorrhea has reportedly occurred in women whose fat content has dropped below 18 percent.

"It will be three to five years before we know anything for sure (about amenorrhea)," Lutter believes. "Yes, there are menstrual irregularities, but it's not a cause for major concern." She noted that a study in California of 200 non-menstruating women athletes was finding osteoporosis (breakdown of the bones, normally seen in elderly women). It is believed that hormonal changes from extensive physical activity may have negative effects on the bones.

"It (the possibility of osteoporosis in non-menstruating women) should be studied more," Lutter said, "but it's not a concern for the majority of running women."

The relationship of running to various menstrual symptoms has been studied, and the general consensus is that running decreases bloating, cramping, and menstrual depression, Lutter said. Some women runners also note a lessening in menstrual flow. "And generally, once



Drawing by Althea Laitinen

menstruating women get out to run, they feel a lot better The hard part is getting out the front door. But once they do, they generally find it helpful," Lutter said.

Another myth that women have been subjected to is that their breasts sag from running. There is no evidence to defend such a claim, Lutter believes.

Writing in Running Free (Putnam books), Dr. Joan Ullyot, a pathologist and marathon runner, states that breasts "are supported mainly by their own content of glands and fat. 'Sagging' occurs because of age and hormonal changes, which reduce this supportive filling. Sports are not the culprit."

Most women, Lutter has found, "who are large or small breasted, find it helpful to wear a sportbra of some sort" merely to decrease the amount of bouncing of the breasts.

And it's also a myth that women runners can eat just about anything they like. "Most women who start a running program do show a weight loss in the first year," Lutter noted, "but most women are 10 to 15 pounds above weight anyway, and the weight loss slows down in the second year. Women become very well-adapted to working on less and less fuel."

Unfortunately, even women runners can't forget calories, Lutter believes. She herself has an extremely low metabo-

lism and has found that "even if I run 70 to 80 miles a week, I only need 800 calories a day." The extra layer of fat that helps women runners past the wall in the marathons also obviates "carb-ing up," or eating a lot of carbohydrates in order to build up the level of glyco-gen fuel for the muscles.

In general, when it comes to women and running, often the negative aspects of a particular medical finding are picked up and blown out of proportion, Lutter believes. "There's a lot of irresponsible reporting," she commented.

Should all women run? Lutter doesn't think so. "All women can be runners. But it's not a good idea. There are lots of other sports to fit an individual's body and lifestyle better." Certain anatomical peculiarities, such as bow-leggedness or having one leg longer than the other, pose problems for the prospective runner, Lutter believes. And there's also the problem of "mental incompatibility. There are some women who truly don't enjoy it--so it's not worth it for them to slog off three or four miles disliking what they're doing. These people might be better off finding a pool, biking, playing tennis. Running is the most convenient sport, but it's not the ideal sport for all."

However, Lutter feels that the physical benefits far outweigh the risks. "It's physical fitness combined with mental health. There's a lot of psychological research that is yet to be done," Lutter said, "but we've seen major changes in women who move from a life of dormancy to a life with exercise. Exercise will change one's life in a complex way, often bring about a new self-image. It's not just a matter of more muscles and cardiovascular fitness. . . . But there's a lot of research still to be done," she concluded.

In the meantime, however, women like 66-year-old Algene Williams of Park Forest are going to continue to run--no matter what. Contrary to what many friends and neighbors think, it was not Algene's 68-year-old marathon-running husband, John, who got her interested in

running two and one-half years ago. "I started running for my health," Algene insists. "I had an artery bypass operation, and after that I just wasn't feeling good. I thought about running, but I didn't ask my doctor because I was sure he'd tell me not to do it. I thought, 'what have I got to lose?' And I feel so much better now," Algene claims.

"It did work for me. I don't have headaches anymore, I have more energy, though I've always had a lot of energy. But this just gives me a good feeling."

Most recently Algene completed (without stopping) the Park Forest Labor Day Scenic ten-mile race. Not bad for a woman who, just months before, in January and March had a sum total of three hernias removed. After five months of recuperation, and no running, "it was harder to get back into running than ever before, but I'm so glad I did because I feel real good again," Algene said. "I figure I'll be in my peak once I'm in my 70's," she joked.

And with no more hernias, she figures she'll be able to cut loose in next year's scenic ten-mile race, as well as attempt her very first marathon in Chicago next fall.

"I'm going to train for it slowly and patiently," Algene said, "and I'm going to have to stop myself, because I'm usually 'go, go, go!'"

"I never thought about running being unladylike. When I was younger I was a sandlot baseball player, and I used to beat the boys! I also did horseback riding, ice skating, bicycling . . . I never thought I was unliberated. I've never felt restricted; I've always been liberated. So what, if I want to run, I'll run. These women runners are coming up fast; they're not far behind some of these men. It'll be a great day when a woman passes the finish line first. I think it's a possibility. I see more men collapse at races than women. It's just an observation; I don't know that it means anything."

Currently Algene does her training in the morning, usually as early as 6:00 a.m. "It's good to get out in the morning," Algene feels. "Things always happen during the day, and you may not have time to get to it. Training is a fun run for me everyday, but when I get in a race, I want to win!" And in her age category, Algene usually is the winner.

"I just wish more older people would get out and do this. A lot of it is mind over matter--it's what you tell your body to do. Tell yourself, 'It's me and my body--here we come!'"

"The surgeon who operated on me thought I was in great shape," Algene recalled. "And I used to go to the chiropractor for my back two times a year. I haven't gone now for over one year. My back feels fine. . . . All this stuff falls into place."

"I used to be quiet, too," Algene said, apologizing for running on. Her enthusiasm for her sport is apparent.

Like many of her fellow runners, Algene is an avid reader and collector of information on running. But now that she's read it all, Algene is ready to write her own book--a book filled with the things that she has found work for her. "I'm going to make an Algene book," she explained. "You have to use a little of your own common sense. I don't believe everything they tell me; I take it all with a grain of salt."

One secret that Algene has practiced since her younger days is that of taking long, hot baths (with a little baking soda) after any physical exertion. "And I've never had a sore muscle," she claims. Algene also tries to stay away from concrete as much as possible; she often trains on the dirt track of the local high school. "Concrete is no good for you; cement is for the squirrels. Asphalt is so much better."

Algene's husband, John, has been very supportive of his wife's newfound interest in and talent for running. "But he keeps saying we're going for a divorce once I cross the finish line

before him. He's kidding, I hope. He's the clown in the family," Algene said.

Clown or no clown by her side, Algene is now gearing up for her first marathon next year. "I'll be doing 63 miles in a week by the time I do my first marathon," Algene explained. Winter weather won't stop her from training. "I don't run on ice, though; there's no sense in getting hurt," she added.

It is fun, I'll tell you. I've always been a busy person, so if I couldn't run, I'd find something else to do, but it probably wouldn't be as challenging, stimulating or exciting . . . or as fun!"

"Yes, all runners are crazy. But it's OK. It's a good, healthy craziness."

(Ms. Brady, a journalist and a runner is a member of The Creative Woman advisory council.)



A WOMAN WINS FIRST PLACE IN THE WORLDLOPPET COMPETITION

by Emily Wasiolek



Carol Duffy coming into finish.

Carol Duffy, attractive 46-year-old mother of 11, and recently a grandmother, was the first person in the world to win the Worldloppet Medallion for cross country skiing. To accomplish this extraordinary feat, Carol skied 587 kilometers (367 miles) and traveled nearly 20,000 miles by airplane and train to nine countries. She skied through icy weather on snow laden trails, through forests, over fields, and across frozen lakes and mountains. She skied eight hours at a time, ignoring her frostbit-

ten feet and the fatigue and pain that pierced her body. Here is her story about her race in Italy on the 70 kilometer Marcialonga trail.

"The rain was pouring down on us before the race even started in Italy. I said to myself, 'I'm not going to ski this. I am soaked already!' Over 4,000 people were gathered there; most of them probably thinking similar thoughts. But the race was not called off! I was astonished. I began thinking about how much money I had spent to travel to Europe, and I decided I really had to ski anyway."

"It was in this race that I learned about my pain zone. As the race began I needed to go to the bathroom and I was soaking wet. The weather was 30 to 32 degrees, and it never stopped raining all day."

"We skied through torrents of water coming down the mountains. My feet were two chunks of ice. I was hurting so badly I didn't know what to do. My bladder was full and I envied the men who would go to the side, turn their backs and just empty their bladders. I was too shy to do that in front of everyone so I just skied on. (In other races, I learned to just squat down like other women did.) So my bladder hurt the whole race. My mittens--I could have rung them out. I hurt all over, but the pain in my feet suddenly stopped."

"I wanted to quit so badly but I had spent all that money to go there and be in this race. I just had to finish. I also felt that the guys in our group would not quit so I decided not to quit either."

"I bore the pain hour after hour by sort of putting myself out of my body. My body skied, but I was separated from it so I couldn't feel pain. When I crossed that finish line, it was a weird sensation. I felt isolated and alone, and then, all of a sudden, the pain hit me full force, and I was so cold that I began trembling. One of our friends had finished just ahead of me and when he came up to me, I fell into his arms and

sobbed and sobbed; and he said to me, 'Carol, it was just terrible, wasn't it? I thought you would give up. I never thought you could make it.'"

"When I changed my clothes, I saw that my feet were black and the pain was so great that I just wanted to scream and scream. So someone took me to the first aid room and for two hours the medical staff treated my frozen feet."

"But I learned about the pain zone. Now I know if pain gets too bad, you just have to get out of your body so you don't feel it."

The Worldloppet, which was formed in 1978, is an international cross country ski competition for the professional skier and the average good skier (the citizen skier). The rules, however, differ for each group. The professional skier is timed, but the citizen skier can ski each race at her own pace, can take as many years as she wishes to complete the series of courses, and can ski them in any combination. When Carol and her lawyer husband, Tom, first heard about this new international competition, their interest was immediately kindled and they decided to try to ski these courses as rapidly as possible and to become among the world's first medallion winners. It took the couple two winters to complete the arduous series (1979 and 1980), but because Carol finished the final American Bierkebeiner race ahead of Tom, she won first place. Since that time, 28 skiers have completed the Worldloppet, but Carol Duffy is number one.

During the years Carol competed, there was considerable prejudice against women in Sweden and Germany. Germany would not allow any woman to ski their Koniz Ludwig Lauf race because they believed that women were not strong enough to ski 90 kilometers (56 miles) through the Bavarian Alps. Sweden also prohibited women from skiing their 56-year-old Vasaloppet race (begun 1922). Instead Sweden ran a special weekday race which women were allowed to ski. The Swedish ruling was unfair to all the women who had skied 75 kilometers in Finland the Sunday before. The men had a week to

recuperate; the women had only two days. Carol explained, "Whether it was fair or not, that was the custom. That was the rule so I skied. I was exhausted, simply exhausted, but I finished that race. I did it!"

The German prejudice was a more serious threat to Carol's goal since their course was for male skiers only. Women were not permitted to ski there at all. However, women were skiing in the other countries, and Carol Duffy's record was simply astonishing. In 1978-1979, in an eight-week period, Carol had skied seven races and finished them all. She had skied in Austria's Dolomittenlauf, Italy's Marcialonga, Canada's Riviere Rouge, Finland's Finlandia Hiihto, Sweden's weekday Vasaloppet, Switzerland's Engadin Skimarathon, and Norway's Birkebeiner-Rennet. So the Germans had to reconsider their rules. They called in a team of doctors from Heidelberg to do all kinds of tests to determine if women were really strong enough to race with the men. As a result of these tests, in 1980 for the very first time, the Germans allowed women to ski the 56-mile race. Of course, Carol (and some other women) finished that race. These were Carol's thoughts during the Swedish and German races.

"These men--these men. They think women aren't tough. They don't know what tough is. If I can get through labor for 11 babies and take care of them without anyone's help--if I can do all that, I can ski their blasted race. Men just don't understand how tough a woman can be."

Although Carol's stories of these races reinforce the pain and difficulty of this exhausting international competition, there were immense satisfactions each time she crossed the finish line. And there were surprises. In Canada she won first place for women over thirty.

"In Canada I did well, surprisingly well. I can't believe how well I did. I won first place for women over thirty, and I was 45 at that time. It was astonishing to me because I was tired after traveling from one country to

CONFESSIONS OF A SOCCER JUNKIE

by Barbara Pierce

Today the grass in my parents' backyard is as thick and lush as the rest of the lawn. It has made a remarkable recovery from the years of abuse which began in 1960.

That year I turned eight years old. By then my baseball glove was ripe, softened from the endless hours on first base where I became elated when I got the tag, furious when I didn't, and hoarse from arguing the close calls.

But in the summer of '60 the guys weren't around much any more and pick-up games were hard to find. The cause? Pee Wee baseball. The boys had come of age, and it wasn't long before the organized training they were receiving put me completely out of their league. I was left behind.

That's when the grass started thinning and a dirt path appeared in front of the brick chimney. From there I kept my arm in shape hurling pitches against the brick and diving for the line drives which mercilessly shot back. When the brick batter blasted a fly, I provided the play-by-play commentary as the ball arched skyward.

"It's a fly ball deep to center field. Can she get under it? She's back, back, makes an incredible leap . . . a backward roll into the flower garden. . . . Does she have it? YES! Yes, she's godit! Oh wudda catch!"

The chimney had replaced the guys. It was more dependable anyway.

I thank my father for the accuracy of my fast ball. Not only did he play catch with his daughter, but she could count on him to appear at the back porch if a pitch strayed off course and rattled the living room window or left marks on the white wooden siding. I didn't welcome those appearances so my concentration rarely faltered. That's

also why I was reluctant to work on my curve ball.

I didn't resent my fate in baseball. I figured that game was a privilege of manhood. Girl's softball? Yuk! They all threw the ball like girls. Tennis? I spent most of my time with a bucket of balls practicing my serve. Girls didn't take tennis seriously in my small home town in upstate New York and boys, I quickly learned, couldn't take defeat from a girl.

But now, at age 28, I feel vindicated. Relocated in the Pacific Northwest, I've discovered soccer and I'm busy making up for lost time.

I run to build my endurance. I scour the television listings for soccer broadcasts. A water-filled Clorox bottle dangling from a pulley in the basement is my make-shift weight machine--great for the quadriceps, the essential kicking muscles.

Like the clothes horse who agonizes for hours before a mirror to achieve that just-right look, I spend my spare moments juggling the soccer ball with my feet, thighs, and head, trying desperately to look like I'm not trying.

On the field I love being aggressive. Those who insist women should not join men in combat have never seen (or heard) us play soccer. Each week I give my husband an update on battleworn body parts which are temporarily untouchable. This week it's the right elbow, right ankle, and left thigh. The purple bruise on the upper thigh got US a free kick. The dried blood on the mid-thigh is a grim reminder of the foul which gave THEM a free kick.

And were it not for soccer, I'd still be waiting for my first black eye.

My husband, a soccer widower, is understanding, supportive, and not surprised. It was this same soccer junkie who started the first argument in our married life on the third day of the honeymoon. It started something like,

"What do you MEAN you forgot to pack your baseball glove?"

Our coach knows soccer and he takes women's soccer seriously unlike the Seattle soccer shoe salesman who will never get my business. "Well, the shoe style doesn't matter much. You girls just go out there and run around for the exercise. . . ."

Last season no opponent managed to break our losing streak. I try to shake off the defeats, but my mind forces me to replay the games for days afterward. "If only I'd passed it back to Evie. She had a clear shot. . . . How could I get caught offside on a key play like that. . . . A cross to Nancy would have given her the fast break. . . ."

We're serious but not humorless. In one two-day Portland tournament, after losing regularly and decisively, my team agreed to lie down and play dead if the opposition reached ten goals. They did so we did. It was the only perfectly executed play the Bainbridge Island Wings pulled off that weekend.

The United States Soccer Federation claims there are nearly 30,000 women out there dribbling somewhere. In Washington it's a disease--THE topic of conversation, second only to the rain and tied with a volcano. This year, the first national women's soccer competition was held in Miami, and Washington won in both divisions. Next year the championship will be at the home of the champs.

Why has it become so popular in this country? One secret is the youth program. For years mothers have dutifully schlepped children back and forth to soccer games, supplied the team with oranges, nursed injuries, and yelled support from the sidelines. Eventually, vulnerable to the contagious excitement of the sport, they too wanted their day on the field.

Additionally, with girls graduating from the 250,000-strong youth program into the adult competition, some teams can even boast of mother/daughter duos.

My mother? No, she doesn't play. She's not even a fan. But, uh, well, we've both swooned over Bogie. Hers played in Casablanca, mine for the Cosmos--Vladislav Bogicevic, Yugoslavian defender for the New York team.

For those of us with a history of getting edged out of the joy of serious competition, soccer has come to the rescue. Now, 20 years after my parents' lawn turned to dirt, the grass in my own backyard is wearing thin, losing the battle for survival to the relentless pounding of my soccer cleats.

Again there is the thud of a ball pummeling the side of the house. But this time the ball is bigger and the effort worthwhile. At last, I can match my skills against other women who play to win.

*(Ms Pierce is a journalist living
in New York City.)*



MOVIE REVIEW OF PERSONAL BEST

by Emily Wasiolek

Personal Best is an inspiring and provocative movie about women athletes competing for positions on the U. S. track and field teams for the 1980 Olympics. As the women learn to endure emotional and physical challenges, they also learn about their own capacities, their limitations and their individual values.

When the movie begins, Chris Cahill (played by Mariel Hemingway) fails to make the 1976 Olympic team in the Oregon trials. Her father scolds her because he believes she has no killer instinct. She accepts his judgment without realizing his aggressive theories cannot work for her. Chris has to understand her own reasons for competing and winning.



From left: Patrice Donnelly, Jodi Anderson, and Mariel Hemingway.

Tory Skinner (played by Patrice Donnelly), a seasoned competitor and an older woman, becomes the person who helps young Chris mature and find herself. Tory teaches Chris to improve and appreciate her extraordinary gifts of strength, agility, and speed. The two women competitors become friends, share

the exhausting training, and push their bodies through pain into physical toughness. Their relationship, grounded in friendship and common goals, develops into a loving sexual and authentic human intimacy. Later when the brief sexual relationship is severed, the affectionate friendship and deep personal concern continue.

Two men also help Chris mature. One is the Olympic coach, Scott Glenn Tungloff, who genuinely loves and believes in his girl athletes and who knows how to manipulate, tough talk, encourage, and motivate them to win. The other man is Denny (played by Kenny Moore) who first sees Chris swimming and then lifting weights and who admires the beauty, grace, and power associated with her athletic ability. At a moment of crisis, Denny encourages Chris not to think about any of her competitors, but only to try to do her personal best. This encouragement helps her win her place in the 1980 Olympic track team.

During the same final competition, Tory hurts her leg and plans to give up competing for the pentathlon. Chris realizes Tory is despondent over the ending of their relationship and affectionately encourages her to run the 800 meter race. Tory comes in first and also wins a place on the Olympic team.

The real success of this film belongs to the writer, producer, director, Robert Towne (also screenwriter of Shampoo and Chinatown) who had the wisdom to select actual athletes to play the parts. He chose Kenny Moore, a former Olympic marathoner to play Chris' boyfriend; and Patrice Donnelly, a former Olympic hurdler, to play Chris' dearest friend. Both athletes-turned-actors play their roles sensitively. And Mariel Hemingway is an athletic person herself, a cross country skier and a trampoline expert and runner. Because the actors are real athletes, the movie has authenticity.

The film is successful too because of the techniques used by the brilliant cinematographer, Michael Chapman. Chapman tells a nonverbal story by using a series of close-ups and slow motion

shots so the audience can see the sweat, the tension, and the grace of the bodies' movements. There is an especially stunning scene of long-legged Hemingway in super slow motion soaring slowly and beautifully over a hurdle. During another scene when Chris and Tory arm wrestle, the concentration is on their throbbing veins and their muscles. Chapman's filming celebrates the power and strength of women's bodies in a sensual rather than in a sexual manner. Some critics believe Chapman overuses the slow motion technique, but these slow motion shots give the viewer an exact sense of how athletic bodies work. In one of the final scenes, we see Tory running so effortlessly that she appears to be flying.

Most of the scenes depict the arduous training of these women athletes; but some of the scenes show the humor, the love, the conflicts, the loneliness, the bewilderment, and the general complexity of their human relationships. As a result Personal Best is something more than the story of women athletes who win a place on the 1980 Olympic-bound team. Personal Best is also a story about growing up, self-knowledge, and fulfilling one's highest potential. It is definitely a picture no woman should miss.



Marile Hemingway



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 Ruzek, Sheryl K. *Women and Health Care. Write: Program on Women, Northwestern University, 619 Emerson Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201*

Women's Health Advocacy Groups

National Women's Health Network
 224 Seventh St., S.E.
 Washington, D.C. 20003

This organization is fighting to:

- oppose laws restricting abortion
- challenge the dominant role of the insurance industry in any proposed national health care plan
- promote barrier birth control methods
- identify and eliminate workplace health and safety hazards
- alert women across the country to new developments in medical research and treatment alternatives
- bring pioneering lawsuits against drug companies and medical groups on behalf of women
- represent the women's health movement before the U.S. Congress and federal health officials

Women's Occupational Health Resource Center
 School of Public Health
 Columbia University
 600 Haven Ave. N.Y. 10032

An organization devoted to helping working women, trade unions, management, health professionals and government policy makers become aware of women's occupational health and safety needs and the necessity for adequate programs.

HERS — Health Evaluation and Referral Services
 1954 W. Irving Park Road
 Chicago, Illinois 60613

Referrals to evaluate doctors, abortion clinics, psychotherapists. They also refer to support groups for birth control, cancer treatment, genetic counseling, prenatal care, sexually transmitted diseases, childbirth and infertility.

Omega Institute for Holistic Studies
 P.O. Box 571
 Lebanon Springs, N.Y. 12114

Consumers' Health Group
 828 Davis St.
 Evanston, Illinois 60201

The Healthful Living Co.
 17847 Co. Rd. 126
 Goshen, Indiana 46526

Y-Me
Breast Cancer Self Help Group
Park Forest YWCA
Park Forest Plaza
Park Forest, Illinois 60466
(312) 747-8496

Women's Health Center
Illinois Masonic Medical Center
904 W. Oakdale
Chicago, Illinois 60657
(312) 883-7052

Services include reading library, nutrition counseling, education, emotional support, telephone information and referral service, comprehensive primary health and medical services.



A TRAVELING JEWISH THEATRE

א וואנדערנדיקער יידישער טעאטער

A Traveling Jewish Theatre, one of the most talented of the groups to perform in last summer's week-long Gathering of small theatre groups in St. Peter, Minnesota, will be performing in the Mid West during the 1982-83 season. (See review of ATJT and The Gathering in Summer 1981 issue of this quarterly.)

These creative people have developed a new production which speaks directly to the concerns that have been expressed repeatedly in these pages. In A DANCE OF EXILE, they show how the split between male and female has separated us from our deepest humanity, and how to achieve harmony and integration. In their language:

In A DANCE OF EXILE, we move through many variations on the theme of exile: our separation from the divine source; our separation from the feminine--the shekhina, God's other face, his bride--the separation of light and dark, once working in harmony to complete creation, now split and polarized into distortions of themselves; our separation from our past, our forgotten sources and from each other. As we move through the dance, we feel the jagged edges of these splits, and also the potential for wholeness as we bring the dis-owned parts, the scattered sparks, back together again.

As we receive news of their performance dates and places, we will share that information with our readers.

CELEBRATE WITH US!

JANE ADDAMS BOOKSTORE

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New hours:

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September 4, 1982	Second Floor
1:00-4:00 p.m.	Chicago, IL 60605
Refreshments & Prizes	(312) 663-1885

Announcements

NEWLY PUBLISHED...

It Just Occurred To Me, a collection of essays by the late Carol Silverberg of Pond Road, Wilton, Connecticut. Published in a limited edition by Miss Silverberg's long-time friend, Kate Steichen, (See TCW VOL IV #2) the book contains fifty pieces originally published in Connecticut newspapers.

A biographical note by Kate Steichen at the end of the book notes that the last piece Miss Silverberg wrote was published the day she died, at 80, on November 14, 1979.

The book is available from the Wilton Library for \$3.50. Proceeds which go to the library are tax deductible.



Carol Silverberg

WOMEN'S HEALTH

at

Illinois Masonic Medical Center

The integrated components of physical health, mental health and on-going education at the Women's Health program, creates a well balanced, wholistic approach for women interested in taking responsibility for their well-being. This free-standing, hospital affiliated women's health center provides women of all ages an opportunity to participate in their own health care in a comfortable, relaxed, non-institutional atmosphere.

Current Services Include:

- Reading Library articles on all concern to
- Telephone Service that the programs and health and
- Community Meeting workshops and
- Comprehensive primary offered by a team of a nutritionist, a mental health counselor and health educators who will provide personalized, participatory health care for women. Appointments are available by calling 883-7052.



with books, pamphlets and health issues of particular women;

Information and Referral identifies for callers people who can meet their illness needs;

Room to host seminars, support groups for women; health and medical services physicians, a nurse practitioner,

Library Hours

Monday 10am-4pm
Wednesday 10am-4pm

Thursday 4pm-8pm
Saturday 11am-3pm

CLEANSE THE STREAMS OF POISON!

Planning for this issue began several years ago. As I wondered whether women related to their bodies in distinctly different ways than men, I posed the question to a few local experts. Their answers convinced me that a special issue on this topic might be rewarding for our readers.

Ben Lowe, professor at this University and author of The Beauty of Sport*, replied without hesitation: "Yes, very differently. Women are more aware of the aesthetic dimension in sport. Men have to be taught to appreciate it."

Maude Meyers, swim coach, said, "Yes, I have found it so. In coaching swimming teams of both sexes, the men tend to treat the water as an adversary, pitting themselves aggressively against it, the women seem to flow more in harmony with the water and this gives them great endurance and staying power."

The instructor who conducts the gymnastics classes for the tiny pre-school children in the Y, said, "The most obvious difference is that the girls achieve each stage of motor coordination and balance at an earlier age than the boys".

Putting these three hints together--awareness of beauty, ability to flow in harmony with the physical environment, and accelerated neuromuscular development--one might suppose that girls and women would be pre-eminently at home in their bodies. Why is it, then, that so many women feel physically inadequate, or are even convinced that they are unattractive? (Several books have been written to answer that exact question!) What is undeniable is that women have been taught these self-demeaning attitudes. What is learned can be unlearned. It is a matter of ridding the mind of poisons.

The process of cleansing--of the physical body and of those psychological beliefs that demean and limit us--is underway.

Our readers will see how this concern for the body is connected to our concern for the health of the planet, and how both are connected to our struggles toward a future where human rights are paramount in a world at Peace. A recent example is noteworthy. For the past decade, social commentators have asserted that the environmental movement has little or no appeal to minority groups or poor folks who are presumed to be more concerned with their own day-to-day survival than the protection of wilderness (expressed as "jobs vs. backpackers"). If it was true at all, it ceased to be true for the population of black farmers, small land-holders, in a rural village in North Carolina, the moment hazardous toxic wastes were scheduled to be dumped near their farms and homes. As the people met to decide how to prevent the poisoning of their land, as they decided to demonstrate, as they began to march, they sang the song, the song so familiar to anyone who participated in the civil rights marches of the 60's, the song with an upbeat melody, a rhythmic beat, and a soul-stirring affirmation, ending with Freedom Now! Old song, new cause. The women's movement owes a debt to that song and to the energies released in us by our participation in the civil rights movement. Now, as rural blacks march to that same music, against the corruption of their land by the toxic wastes, the excrement of the chemical industry, we move a step closer to The Turning Point, to a coalescence of many movements, arching toward our rainbow future.

HEH

* Lowe, The Beauty of Sport, Prentice Hall, Inc., 1977.



FUTURE ISSUES

Winter '83 of The Creative Woman will be "Women and The Law".

We welcome articles, poems, book reviews, and graphics for issues in progress on "Changing Men", "Women Flying", "Mothers and Daughters" and "Diaries".

NEW JOURNAL...

The Celibate Woman, A Journal for Women Who Are Celibate or Considering this Liberating Way of Relating to Others.

The first issue published July 1982 contains personal journal accounts, interviews, book reviews and poetry.

The editor is Martha Allen and subscriptions at \$8 for 2 issues are available from 3306 Ross Place, N.W. Washington, D.C., 20008.



NEW BOOKS RECIEVED

In this new department we will make available to interested readers copies of books to be reviewed.

If you want to review a book on our list write to us, state your interest in the topic, and you may borrow the book for review. Publication of completed reviews will rest on approval of our editorial staff.

Books available for review are:

Women's Reality: an emerging female system in the white male society by Anne Wilson Schaefer, Winston Press, Minneapolis, 1981.

Divine Rebel, The Life of Anne Marbury Hutchinson by Selma R. Williams, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, N.Y. 1981.

Ripening Selected Work, 1927-1980 by Meridel Le Sueur, The Feminist Press, Old Westbury, N.Y. 1982.

The Moon and The Virgin, Reflections on the Archetypal Feminine by Nor Hall. Harper and Row, N.Y. 1980.

Christina Rossetti, A Divided Life by Georgina Battiscombe. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, N.Y. 1981.

The Fair Women by Jeanne Madeline Weimann. The Story of The Woman's Building, World's Columbian Exposition of Chicago 1893. Academy, Chicago, 1981.

THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF WOMEN'S THEATRE
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1981 LWC/Judy Scheer Hoeschler (right) beating Heidi Sommerville for championship.

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